

# THE NEW PLAYS

## Louis Mann Amusing In "Nature's Nobleman"

BY CHARLES DARNTON

TO any one awed by the imposing title of his play, "Nature's Nobleman," at the Apollo Theatre last night, it was reassuring to find Louis Mann by no means a grand personage given to sublime deeds, but just a kindly old German hotelkeeper in the Catskills straightening out family rows and giving phonograph concerts to the cows while he milked them.

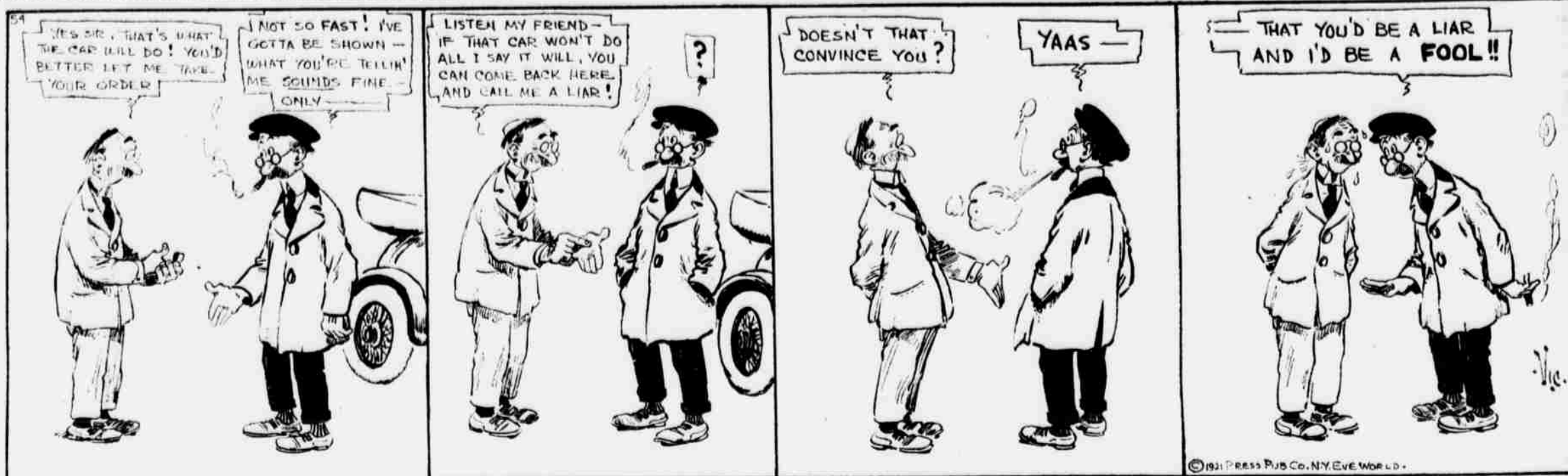
The simplicity of the comedy-drama by Samuel Shipman and Clara Lipman was apparent throughout four acts, though it might have been established quite as effectively in three. There was virtuosity only in the location of Schnitzler's Hotel, but the house and its people suggested the Tannersville region. An open-air poker game added to the charm of the place, and bachelors willing to run a still greater risk could take a chance on a coquettish maiden whose father announced he would hand over \$75,000 with her. Financial discussions went on from time to time with the utmost frankness.

In spite of the fact that old Carl was hard up, he assumed a \$200 poker debt of his wife's with astonishing good nature. What worried him most was the older game of love being played by his son and a young woman who, unhappily, was married—not unhappily married, please understand, though her husband turned out to be something of a villain. We suspected as much when Carl's daughter Effie reminded him of what they had been to each other and the work she had done for him in carrying through his deals at Albany. Just what Effie had done there wasn't clearly explained, but the villain confessed to being a politician, and even worse. As Effie lowered her head, her father raised his hand, but no blow was struck.

The villain agreed to give his wife a divorce so that she might marry the hotelkeeper's son, and one of the guests paused on his way out to say he would be only too happy to make Effie his wife even though she had made a blunder. Then Carl's wife appeared in black to let him see she had forewarned poker and other pastimes.

Mr. Mann was amusing as Old Carl when he didn't lose his temper, his familiar dialect and his sense of eccentric character again standing him in good stead. He indulged in earnest little homilies and sentimental pieties, even advising a naughtily little bird to mend her ways. There were many other characters, but somehow they didn't seem like real persons.

# JOE'S CAR



# THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



As a Diplomat He's a Positive Negative!

# Screenings By DON ALLEN

**VILLAIN "RECEIVES."**  
Fred Malatesta is a good natured villain. But no matter how good natured a villain may be, he draws the sharp, straight line at times. Fred's smiling and sunny disposition showed signs of "cloudy" with probable storms, recently, when the script of "The Man Who Smiled" called upon the hero, William V. Mong, to smite the heavy on the point of the jaw. Mong, not being a prizefighter, did not know exactly where the "point" was, but smote away vigorously. He landed on every place but the "point" and each time Director Edward S. Selman insisted upon a take.

Malatesta's friends, who have been swathing his face and jaw with arnica soaked bandages, say he is getting along all right but doesn't care for gruel at all.

# MAYME KELSO ENGAGED.

The untimely death recently of Mrs. Katherine Griffith before she finished acting her part as one of the principal characters in "Penrod" has caused the retaking of thousands of feet of film. Mrs. Griffith died leaving about an hour's acting to be done in one of the most important sections of the film. Mayme Kelso, the famous character woman of the screen, was engaged, and this necessitated the retaking of every foot of film in which Mrs. Griffith had appeared.

Three other members of the Griffith family also appear in the same film. They are Gordon and Graham, sons of the late actress, and Harry Griffith, their father.

# RAY STILL SHINING.

Charlie Ray is busier than a flea at a dog show these days. During the day he is rushing through Rob Wagner's story, called "Smudge," and just as soon as he gets out of that charade he bolts a meal and starts work editing, cutting, titling and revising three other releases to be made soon for First National.

Between acting in "Smudge" and assembling "Oh, Gas" and "Vivian," "The Barnstormer" and "The Deeds of Spades," Ray's time might be said to be pretty well taken up.

"There might be a lot of unemployment in the world," announced Ray, "but I'm certainly busy enough for five men. If I have time I sleep; if I don't I just don't—that's all. In the mean time I'm proving that Edison is right. Four hours' sleep is enough—some nights."

# SHE'S UNLEARNING.

Celine Moore, who recently won a shiny silver cup, hand some but useless for her dancing, is busy now trying to forget all she knows about the modern dances. Every time she hears a jazz tune she stuffs cotton in her ears and runs out of range.

Why? Simplest thing in the world! She's been cast in a picture where she has to dance a regular old Irish jig, and she just can't do it, she says, if she hears some one moaning the "Blues" on a saxophone.

# CUT-BACKS.

The story of Robertson-Cole's "Behind the Curtain" is that a popular dancer who decides to obey Volstead and shocks her friends. Must be a shock, at that.

The "Thomas H. Ince" studios are rampant with activity. Ince has more films in the making than Heinz has pickles.

Will Rogers' private riding ring was used for the making of "From the Ground Up." We hope Rogers' private little writing desk was used also.

Helen Ferguson, "In Hungry Hearts," has gratified a life-long wish. She's playing opposite Bryant Washburn. Yes! That was the wish.

Torchy Takes a Chance," the latest in the amazing Torchy series, is scheduled for an early release by Educational.

Claude Gillingwater, long popular in the talking picture, is the leading role in "Remembrance." He says he likes it because it saves his voice.

Malvina Longfellow, American screen playmaker, has been in England, is back again in her native land, on the screen this time in "Possession" an R-C picture.

Pauline Frederick is overjoyed because the National Board of Review has classed "The Sting of the Lash" as an "exceptional picture." Praise from Sir Hubert.

It is to be noted, now playing on Broadway, will shortly be seen in a Warner Brothers Picture—"Her Daughters-in-Law."

Stetson Moore, the old actor who appears in "Parted Curtains," is no relation to Tom, Owen or Matt.

Julian Orlowski's next "Sketchograph" will be based on the titillation of armaments. It will be titled, "What's the Limit?" Another questionaire titled.

I. G. Hawks is busy on the comedy and other essential things "Under the Skin," the South novel by Carey Wilson.

# About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

FROM the office of Carrie Carlton, producer of "Tangerine," came a message to us last night to the effect that Julia Sanderson would continue in the leading role of that musical comedy at the Casino and that her name would again go up in the lights outside the theatre. Nick Holde, manager of the company, said Miss Sanderson had been suffering with a cold and feared she could not appear. Wishing to avoid misrepresentation, Nick said, Mr. Carlton took her name out of the electric sign. Miss Sanderson also has told us she will continue with "Tangerine." It is true that Jack Hazzard, comedian of the troupe, has been handed his notice. He expected it as a result of an argument he had with Mr. Carlton. Our guess is, however, that the notice will be withdrawn. Anybody, be it an actor or a manager, who would kick holes in the success of a theatrical production doing more than \$25,000 a week in these times (or in any other times) deserves a terrific slap on the wrist. That the donee of peace will fly into the Casino and lay an egg, is the earnest wish of — (See name of writer in the large type above).

# JACK GROWING WEARY.

Charles Dillingham has sponsored numerous theatrical openings this season. When "Good Morning, Dearie," started at the Globe, Mr. Dillingham received a wire from Jack Hazzard.

"Again best wishes!" it said. "This is positively my last wire to you this season."

# JUVENILE NOTES.

Marguerita Silva has two sweet little daughters. We were introduced to the youngsters recently and the younger, drawing us aside, said confidentially:

"When I has my party I'm goin' to be four years old."

A Yonkers man has sent us a schoolboy's note which he picked up on the street. It is addressed to Miss Slidman and is signed Hurst. All it says is:

"Will you be my girl, yes-or-no?"

Zahedi tried three times by cable to name his babe but was unable.

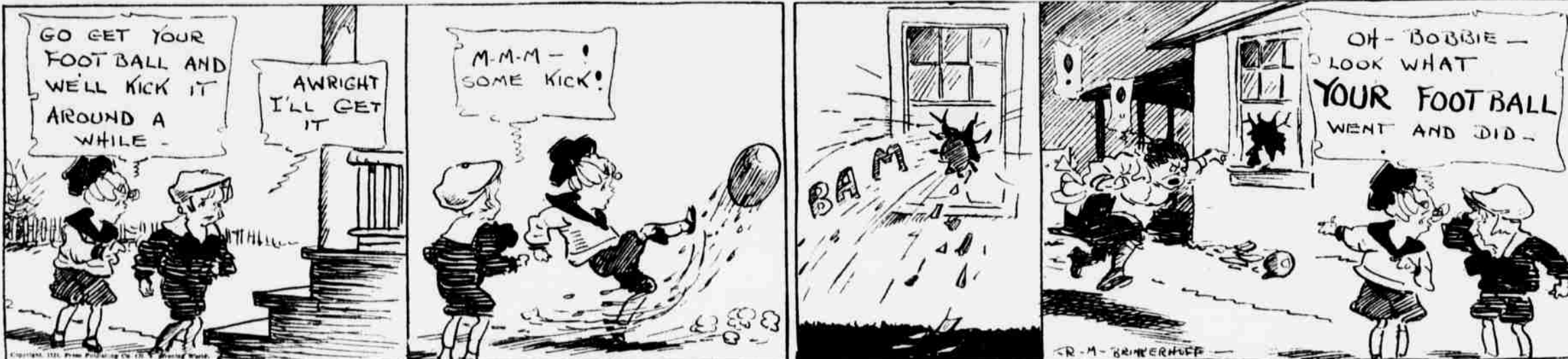
# NOT NEARLY ENOUGH!

A young lady press agent tells us that Tillie, one of the Robinson elephants at the 44th Street Theatre, is 16 years old and can say "Tape." Seems as though she is rather backward in learning to talk, isn't she? (We mean Tillie, not the young lady.)

# READERS, HOW COULD YOU?

Oh, why do people persist in doubting us? Isn't our face, haggard from hard work, a veritable symbol of honesty? Well, anyway, Sam Weller, who has arranged the special matinee of "Main Street" for people who live on Main streets, to be held at the National Theatre to-morrow, informs

# LITTLE MARY MIXUP



# KATINKA



Nosed In—Nosed Out!

# RYHMED PROPOSALS

Attention, boys! Who'd like to wed a pretty widow of thirty-five who owns a comfortable home? The mail has brought us a rhymed proposal from Jessie D. of Upper Manhattan. The letter which accompanies it indicates that Jessie, of the widow's weeds, isn't spoofing. Incidentally, permit us to say that the proposals printed in this column are genuine. We have started out to make 400 hearts beat as one, and when we have succeeded, we're going to start something else for the betterment of mankind, including ladies. Look at Jessie's plea:

A comely widow with a comfy home  
Has grown a tired of living alone.  
Would like a man with a great big heart  
To sit by the fireside and not depart.  
Not too old and not too young—  
From thirty-eight to fifty-one.  
One that will fit in a four-room flat—  
Not too thin and not too fat.  
Must have enough money to drive away cars,  
But don't have to be a millionaire.  
About ten thousand a year or more—  
Enough to keep the wolf from the door.  
To be congenial, fond of sports,  
Not a grouch, always out of sorts.  
If such a man there is in this town,  
I hope this letter will bring him 'round.

# GOSSIP.

Jack Sulzer will be musical director of "The Midnight Frolic" opening Thursday.

Grace Valentine is to tour with the film, "A Man's Home," in which she appeared.

Charles Gehring will entertain 500 visiting hotel men and their wives at "The Greenwich Village Follies" to-morrow night.

A pickpocket got the \$250 watch of John Scannell of "Good Morning, Dearie," Sunday night. John has asked us to notify the robber to pound the watch if it stops.

We have been informed that the "A Bill of Divorcement" cast, at the Times Square, took twenty-one curtain calls last night. My, what fun a fly would have on that curtain!

The congregation of Temple Beth-El, at Rockaway Park, filled the National Theatre last night at the performance of "Main Street."

It develops that Mile. Spangietti, the "questioneer" who opened at the Hippodrome yesterday, is Joe Bagon, a Ringling rider. The Graf Trio and a new Cook film comedy, "The Chauffeur," began their yesterday also.

Richard Bennett and Violet Heming have been engaged by Sam H. Harris for leading roles in "Face to Face." Sam Forrest is staging the production.

Health Commissioner Copeland and his class in anti-fat, it is announced, will see the vaudeville matinee at the 44th Street Theatre.

# A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The union garment makers want

peace in their work but not piece work.

# FOOLISHMENT.

A girl who is living in Eye Does nothing each evening but sigh. The neighbors would cheer her. But cannot get near her Because she's so terribly shy.

# FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Debs wants a pardon but the time isn't ripe."  
"Then, why do his followers want to picket?"

# MUST HAVE IT.

THE fussy new Colonel had summoned his Adjutant to him after the regiment had painstakingly gone through the intricacies of a formal guard mount.  
"Captain," he began pompously, "I was not at all pleased with guard mount this morning."  
"Why, sir," began the surprised Adjutant, who had thought the movement exceptionally well executed.  
"That will be all, Captain. As I said, I was not at all pleased. As you know, there must be uniformity in an army to differentiate it from a mob. This morning there was a noticeable lack of uniformity, especially in the band."  
"You will immediately inform the band leader, Captain, that he will instruct the trombone players to work the slides of their instruments back and forth in unison. Sir, I will have uniformity in my regiment."—The Home Sector.

# The Day's Good Stories

## ASKING THE IMPOSSIBLE.

MAJOR Blank, in his dugout, wrote a message and handed it to a colored runner. "Read this carefully," he said, "and then deliver it to Capt. Parke. Company C, if anything happens, destroy the message and deliver it verbally to Capt. Parke."

Ten minutes later the Major looked up to see the runner still there. "What are you doing here?" he shouted. "When I give an order I want it obeyed at once!"

"Lawd, Major," replied the frightened man. "I can't read readin', le!"

"But 'dearest,'—Everybody's Magazine.

## THE REAL WINNERS.

MILITARY football team had challenged a lawyer's team and before the game a splendid luncheon was served. As the lawyers did full justice to the viands and indulged freely in champagne, their hosts anticipated rather an easy victory. On going to the football ground, however, the military players were surprised to find a party of fine looking athletes kicking the ball about.

"Who are those fellows?" one of the visitors was asked.

"Oh," was the reply, "that is the lawyers' team; we are only the lunching team, you know."—Boston Transcript.

## TO ALLAY SUSPICIONS.

IT was foolish of Joints to make a wager that he would eat a quart of peas with a halpion if his college football team lost their next game.

But having done so he had to make good.

"There's only one thing I ask," said he to the winner.

"What's that?" inquired the winner.

"If you're going to stand by and see that I eat all these peas with a halpion I want you to admit that you won the bet and are insisting on its payment. Don't you pretend that you are my keeper."—Los Angeles Times.

## FAMILIAR PHRASE REVERSED.

IF there is one thing on earth that young Mrs. Blake likes more than another it is clothes—hats, frocks, coats, and—oh, all the rest of 'em!

One morning she rushed into her hubby's private room at his office and burst out gleefully:

"I've just ordered the most beautiful hat to be sent home. It's the sweetest thing you ever saw, dear."

But "dearest" had reached his limit. Without raising his eyes from the letter he was reading he replied:

"I regret to have to tell you, my dear, that your love will be returned."—Philadelphia Bulletin.